Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*, we muſt to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall caſt vs thus early for the loue of his *Deſdemona*, who let vs not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She is a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iag. And Ile warrant her full of game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iag What an eye ſhe has?
Me thinkes it ſounds a parly of prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iag. And when ſhe ſpeakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iag. Well, happineſſe to their ſheetes—come Leiutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cyprus* Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſie would inuent ſome other cuſtome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends,—but one cup: Ile drinke for you.

Caſ. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can faſten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'l be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young miſtris dog:—Now my ſicke foole *Roderigo*,
(Whom loue has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward)
To *Deſdemona*, hath to night caroust
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's to watch:
Three Lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,

(That

(That hold their honour, in a
The very Elements of this wa
Haue I to night fluſtred with
And the watch too: now mon
I am to put our *Caſsio* in ſome
That may offend the Iſle;
But here they come:
If conſequence doe but appro
My boate ſailes freely, both w

Caſ. Fore God they haue g

Mon. Good faith a little o
As I am a Soldier.

Iag. Some wine hoe:
And let me the Cannikin c
And let me the Cannikin c
A Souldier's a man, a life'
Why then let a Souldier dr

Caſ Fore heauen an excelle

Iag. I learn'd it in *England*
potting: your *Dane*, your *Ge*
der, (drinke ho,) are nothing t

Caſ. Is your *Engliſh* man ſ

Iag. Why he drinkes you w
he ſweates not to ouerthrow y
a vomit, ere the next pottle can

Caſ. To the health of our G

Mon. I am for it Leiutenan

Iag. O ſweet England,—
King Stephen *was and a w*
His breeches coſt him but a
He held 'em ſixpence all to
With that he cald the Tayl
He was a wight of high re
And thou art but of low d
Tis pride that puls the Cou
Then take thine auld cloke a

Caſ. Why, this is a more ex

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k